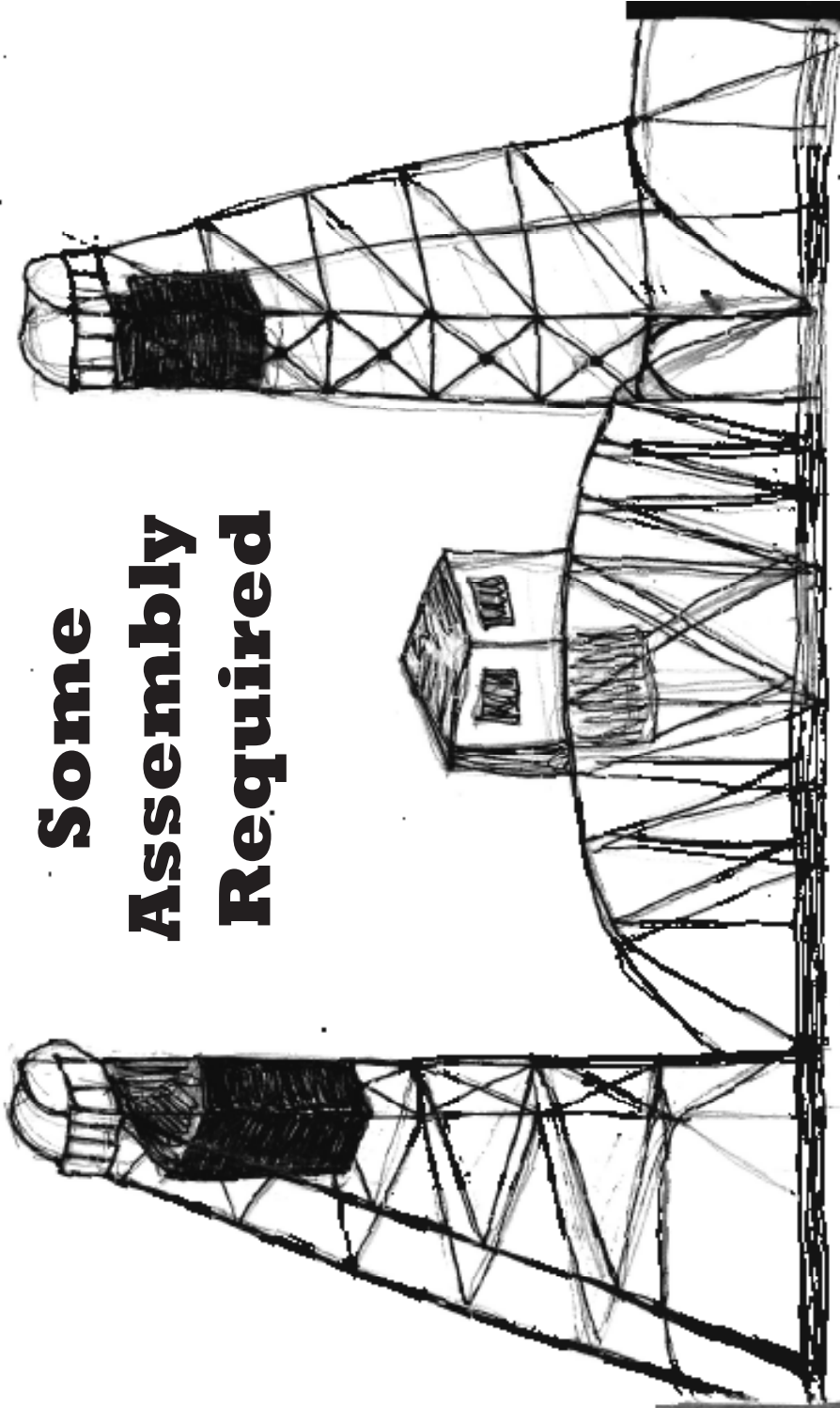


Some Assembly Required



You want my cunt?

you want my cunt?
well, i sewed it shut.
all that is left is an agry inch.
but don't worry,
i have a toolbox
full of ways to get you off

I've got a big cock
to fuck your holes with.
we can get down so hot.

but this rhyme forgot
that my hole is what's got
you hot.

Not my whole
whole person
whole being
whole self

that pesky cunt
that never wants to be touched.
that has seen more horrors than
any cunt should have to.

You want that cunt.
you want my cunt.
That's what gets you hot.
not my big fat cock.
my hard pulsing cock.

You can't tell me why you want me?
You can only speak of fetishizing.
You can only objectify.

I speak a language of learning.
of exploration.
I speak of dreams and growth.

I choose you.
you did not choose me.
you chose a mask to hide behind.
i gave you my everything.

It might have been broken into a million pieces
but I gave it to you with an apology,
I am fixing it as fast as I can.
I asked for your patience and love.
you gave me oppression.
and tonight when you dream of me.
remember I said yes.
remember I gave you everything.
remember that i accepted you
just how you were.
remember
you gave me nothing.

Eat My

I am impeccable!
Eat my glitter!
pushing through shit
having conversations.
on the hows and whys
moving my mouth in relation
to the vowels and sighs.

and there was one
i was sad i didn't get to
get to
experience
experience sex
sober.
i was sad i didn't get to experience sex sober.

end story

start
the one who stole my heart
no I am not ready yet

start
my heart is a vessel.
a ship
sailing on its way to love
of everything.

I am the lone sailor.
I am the whisper
in a story book.
I am the story
you never truly had.

end story

Glitter!

Zhe had this huge cock zhe liked to be fucked with
and a harness.

It was difficult for me to think of my cock any smaller than that
dick was.

but the size of my cock is of no consequence to the person re-
ceiving it when you get the choose your own adventure pack.

Zhe had the perfect voice to be a sex phone operator. We had
phone sex all the time. It was hot. I really wanted that relation-
ship again. It was what it was. So simple. So complete. I didn't
have to invest much into it.

I got less out of it than I invested.

I guess that is pretty standard.

no more.

move on.

I am so shallow when it comes to dating. I get caught in the
physical needs associated with it. But right now I will stand alone
because it is when we can stand alone we can...

we can...

we can...

create the possibility of being more than half of a couple.

And in this moment,

I will find the me that is the full being.

And I will find the you that is a full being.

And we will connect as full beings of light.

And it will be like fucking the angel of america.

I've had a bad day and come to bed.
curl into a little ball.

you come over and wrap your arms around me pulling me close.
I start to relax

U

you have light comforting strokes
you ask to touch me
and get a reluctant yes.

N

your touch is calming and tingly
there is no rush
you move as my body tells you to
we are still spooning

T

you start giving light kisses along my neck and back
one hand starts taunting my nipples
hard and soft you tease them
until they stand at attention

I

once I start audibly moaning
you ask if you can touch my cock
I am in your arms

T

I am safe
I say please

L

quickly you are stroking my cock
teasing my nipples
and grinding your cock into my ass.
biting my neck
for a moment I think we are both going to come

E

but we both want it
you are going to make me ask for it
I say

D

please touch my ass.
and you are on it
lube on hand
fingers working their way in
slowly you tease me outside
before entering
then you move in and out just near the entrance
slowly going deeper as I open up to you.

soon you are fucking my ass
your cock throbbing
precum smeared all over my ass cheeks
and it is your turn to beg

please may I go inside you now sir
you look pained as i make you repeat yourself
please sir you repeat
I tell you gently
your one arm still around me
the other gently easy you in
pulling me tight and kissing my neck
you just stay there for a moment
until we both start moving
you still stroking my cock

you move slowly at first
then quick and hard
and slow again
back and forth until
you swiftly sit up
swing my leg around at the same time
so it is now over your shoulder
you are on your knees
and raising my ass in the air
going fucking crazy

its so hot
I have to start going at my own cock
which only turns you on more
making you more crazy
which makes me more crazy

You won't take your eyes off me
your are not blinking
I have to close my eyes and bite my lip
not to get distracted by those long eye-
lashes

when I open them again you are still
looking at me
and you smile a warm joyful smile
i return your smile
we both buckle
and come

I am a turtle!

the words spin like lyrics from my mind.
My heart is my home,
my bike is my steed.
my backpack my shell.

Yet my heart is lost.
It found a home with you.
was it a lie.
when it felt so right was then
now it feels empty, lonely lacking.

it appears you have moved on so
why can't I?
why can't I leave people behind?
My path, my trail.
I loose people because it is so difficult

i sit and wait for you to climb up and meet me.
i sit and wait for days on end but you never show.
i don't know how long to wait before I start climbing again.

my friends are concerned for me.
my tendency to fall in love with egocentric narcissists.
concerned for the what I say when talking about you.
i hear them in my head.
but my heart is deaf to anything but your kisses.

And I sit alone and it eats away at my soul.
I need to cut out my heart again.
I need someone to help me cut it out again.
i no longer require it.
it doesn't serve me. I want to be without it.
it only brings me harm.
it only saddens me.

soul hearts serve what biological function?
love serves what biological function
I need to deconstruct it like a scientist.
put it on a lab tray and dissect it.
analysis it, describe its function.
coldly without feeling.
this is what I will do.

love is a fallacy.
an archaic reproduction function.

I will get over the what could have been.
I will get over the what should be.
I will get over the feeling of your lips against mine.
the shivers that it sent up and down my body.
the hard ons I would get every time I am around you.
i will get over the feeling of home I found in your arms.
I WILL get over the feeling of home I found in your arms.

I think it comes down to rejection that we are all most afraid of but
I am not sure why... but I think that is what poly combats... hm? I
have noticed within myself there is a strong need to reject before
I get rejected. I think this holds more true with marginalized folks.
Maybe because being marginalized means you are getting reject
daily by the world at large so being rejected by those whom you
care for is a bit much to process. But if in your mind you can see it
coming then you can tell yourself, well I did it first so I am some-
how not the person who is less than the Other. WoW! Writing that
down it sounds really fucked.

Spring is coming

who am I said the he that was not me.
when the day ends who still finds you important.

When the birds fly high, who flies with you.
The fields were barren. the plants withered.
Yet still so beautiful.

Like the end of winter.
Spring is coming.
you can see the field full of flowers.

But right now everything is dead.
do you see the dead that is in front of your eyes
or the life that could be.

what waking dreams of who I am suppose to be
do you bind me to.
what images, labels, projections must I fend off.

What is my cost?

my sense of self.
my individuality.
my freedom.

too high. much too high.

I am not poor.
I am very wealthy.

I have a huge spirit.
I have pride.
I have courage.

strength.
love.
knowledge.

But why I should I give freely of these
and get nothing in return.
why should I allow myself
to be bought and sold for scraps.

you want champagne
on a beer budget.
your price is too low.

You won't even attempt to up bid.
You say my value is too high.
I am asking too much.

But it is not my problem
if you don't see
the value of the merchandise.

tomorrow it will rain.
and we will be
but separate. distant.

I don't think you will call.
I don't think I will hear from you again.
Two ships passing in the night.

Has the story already been written.
Again and again.
forever retold.

**DOES IT SOUND EASY?
FUCK YOU!
AKA
(LESS THAN)
>OTHER**

My power has gotten to big for this shell.

My chest, my lungs, my heart
push against it as I gasp for air.

Pounding in my head,
in my whole body.

I shake. I sweat. I cry.

I scream.

I am silent.

And there is distance.

And there is blame.

I reach. I grasp for the love.

We all reach to not be alone.

We wonder if we are or not alone.

Sometimes there are people.

They are with us no?

But we are still alone.

Because this shell.

It itches.

It hurts.

I want it to be off.

But it 'protects me'.

Right?

Why is there pain?

Why does it hurt?

Why are their bullies
and aggressors?

God, goddess, whatever that is that is there, why oh why is there violence?
Why are we, human beings violent?
My church of science cannot explain.

I've worked so hard and so long to get away from that which I was...
& the fucking hipster walk around like they own it...

And now what is it ironic, the trucker caps, big cheap glasses, the mullets and mustaches.
Fuck You!

That image is mine to reclaim if I chose. If I chose to reclaim the violence and own it. Rich people can manufacture online games that are suppose to mimic the situations that happen in real life. But we are not a game. We are manufactured workers like trailer parks. Controlled like an ant farm. Institutional violence that became a life. Who are we? We are the ones who you told couldn't marry a person of color but we did so anyone. Generations later you might not see it in our skin but we are the ones who worked in the mines, as servants, and now minimum wage customer service and production jobs; when we are lucky.

We are unemployed. We are homeless. We have mental illness from a lifetime of societal abuse. We try to survive. We try to thrive. We try to be more than what we are "suppose to be". But life wasn't meant for us. We are less than>other.

We can't belong to any group because our identities are too complex.
We are not one nor the other. We are less than other.
We are the revolution, generations in the making.

I will not be ashamed that I am human. Nor will I be ashamed of my human condition. I will not kill this living body because of what society has done to me and made me. I will kill that part of myself. I will kill the shame. I will kill the violence, the abuse, the anger, the control. I will tell it: "You have no power of me." I will be the only person to be my self talk, no one else has any business being there. I will not be blamed for the violence that has happened against me. Only take responsible when I perpetuate it. And yes we all perpetuate violence. Anyone who thinks otherwise is only lying to themselves or is enlightened but even the dali lama doesn't consider himself enlightened.

All this violence it goes back and forth and up and down. We cannot blame each other for it only ask each other to take responsibility for it. Take for example one of violence, racism. Sure an ancestor of a european colonialist didn't actually colonize, massacre whole tribes of natives. But they have advantages because of this. And moreover we live in a country that continues to do so. Same issue with slavery, most in our generation still benefit from slavery and the new slavery, wage slavery which still mostly affects people of color. Where I grew up, and I assume the same would be found anywhere, in my experience the same is true for Portland... the latin@s worked twice as hard as everyone else and were paid wages below minimum because they were paid per how much they could pick so they would work harder, faster and cheaper because they were illegal. The white people would still say discriminatory remarks about how lazy mexicans were; among many other things that were completely untrue. Yet they lived four people in a one room shack and an outhouse down the way. That is violence, that is oppression. That is racism.

My grandmother telling me in response to asking about my ethnicity, that I should tell people I am white because I pass; is racist.

Have I as an individual done any of this? No but I live in a country that does. I live in a country that kills, massacres whole cultures around the world in the name of profit. I am taught to oppress myself and those around me. I am taught to find ways to make people others so I can oppress them. I do this even though I myself am less than other. But I can stop the violence. I can change. I can grow. I can take anti-violence trainings, sensitivity trainings, co-counseling, ... etc ... I can talk about it. I can give it words and meaning. I can take responsibility for it. Outloud.

I sit here and cry because I just want to know it is not my fault. That I am not the reason the violence is happening to me; despite what people say. But how can I say this and still take responsibility for the violence I also perpetuate. What can I ask of the community around me? How do I know what can and can't be asked, what can and can not be talked about? Why should anything NOT be talked about? I have more questions then answers as I somehow cannot stop taking responsibility for the violence that has been happening against me. Somehow taking responsibility for any and all violence is comforting because I know that I am not blaming someone else. I am not my parents.

In good moments I understand how faulty this logic is but mostly, I just allow for people to blame me for everything that is wrong in the world. I am sure in some sense this was the driving force in becoming an activist. As an organizer, everything that goes wrong is my fault. It doesn't matter any of the factors that are completely out of my control. Nor does it matter about any of the other organizers. Violence can be the same way. I am not the only one in the situation and blame is rarely one sided. I can take responsibility for any actions that perpetuate situations.

I can also take responsibility for all the times I tried to stop the violence. I can also accept all the years of societal violence that I have been struggling against. We cannot blame the victim for fighting back. We can only hold them responsible for their actions and look at ways to help them from entering into fight or flight situations. But in doing so we need to have the utmost care that we are not creating more violence by presenting the situation with blame and guilt. Shame is big when it comes to not wanting to talk about it.

I am a feminist. I have been a feminist since as long as I can remember. I have also been an anti-violence advocate for my adult life. I came to a place within myself to accept all the violence that has happened to me in my life. But I know the world does not accept it. I cannot talk about it. And as I stand to be a "role model", an elder in the world of organizing; I am not suppose to admit that I am imperfect. I have and will readily stand in front of a large room full of people and said "I am a human. I make mistakes. Humans are not perfect and we need to love one another and unite together to start this revolution." Or something like that. People will always blame me for something as the adage goes. They don't see the amount of violence be perpetrated against me. I try and say something about it but only get ignored or scoffed at. How could I such a pillar of strength be prey to abuse? But I never said I was a pillar of strength. I run a campaign of "if I can do so can you." I say, I am human; do you want to come experience being human with me?

What I am getting at here is that it makes people feel strong to point out how they are better than someone else. Bullies get that way because they can. In a recent study done on stress and hierarchy in chimps, they found a unique case where the aggressive chimps started dying from overindulging on human food. Thus the less aggressive (male) chimps started creating a new culture where it's not ok to be a bully. Now when new chimps join they quickly learn this is not the way to behave. I like this because it shows that we should

be able to do the same thing. We need to be aware of when someone is bullying someone else and step in and interrupt the violence. The skills are available. We can do it. Then the question is how. How are we too do it?

First and for most we have to support our fallen warriors. Those who are less than other. Those who might seem like an animal backed into a corner because THEY ARE! Really they just want to be left alone but for whatever reason they have a big “pick on me” sticky on their forehead. And our culture blames them for it. They say ‘well why did you put the sticky on your forehead’ and the reply ‘I didn’t’ and so the conversation goes until the victim says ‘fine, i don’t know why I put the sticky on my forehead I will try my hardest that no one dislikes me’ and then they do but that is not what it is about at all. If anything they need to have their confidence built up. They need to be told they are good people and that its not their fault. They need to be told that they are safe and that the violence is going to stop. They need to be loved for who they are so when someone attacks that person they can say ‘well that is your opinion but yah know I really like myself; thank you very much and I am not going to let you bully me.’

I couldn’t stop crying today. How do you explain that to your teacher? I know she will know I was not there because she cares. I am working very hard on all the assignments and I barely made it to the hip-hop final. As I walked a cross campus I choked back the tears in my eyes. I wanted to be there for someone I care about. Brave face. Brave face. I can be here I can be present. I type tears roll down my face. So so sad. Everything is always shit.

And this is my life that I am suppose to explain to someone else.

how do I open the conversation?

well um I yes well

grew up in hell.

quite literally.

and I don’t know how to begin to explain that to you.

Maybe you understand

the word survivor

maybe I can use that and you think oh geez

something bad happened to you

but I didn't survive
I don't remember most of my life
I need to recall it from behind a locked door in an unlit room.
so excuse me while it takes a moment.
or ten or twenty or never or not right now.

and if you can't accept that
you are not validating me.

My life
is
a
war.

It might not be fought with guns but it is
violent
and
deadly

My brain, my body
the battle field i traverse.

you they become the enemy I must protect myself from.

and his head explodes

and then his head fucking exploded.
fuck this shit.
power and control
domination

who are you?
says the caterpillar.

You are me.
says the cheshire cat

but I hate you, you/me.
you will become everything I am not.
you will become everything I do not want to see about myself.
then I have permission to hate you.

when you become the other.
then I may hate you.

my hate will have a smile and it will be called love.
but it is still hate.
it is still privilege.
it is still domination.

and I am you and you are me.
so I am hate.
I am anger.
I am power.

I am rhetoric.

and you, you are mine.
because you are me.
but I am me.
so you, you can be discarded.

I am suppositions.
I am statements in questions.
I am the language of the patriarchy.

Love has forgotten comfort.
It lives in the area when you push into
the uncomfortable.

Love is uncomfortable.
You have to push into it.

Love is the wrong answer.
hate is the correct one.
why?
because only when humble can we find love.
When we preach love, we are not humble.
when we preach there is only me and I.

But I want to know about them, the others.
I don't want your place of privilege...
anymore.
I am tired of it being beaten over my head.
and I don't care about what you have to tell me
about the others. You are not one of us. You are not other.
You are defining us.
losing words to your ego.

You take and I give, right?
that's the way it is suppose to work?

could you tell me one more time what you did to earn your place in the world
because you know I still really don't get why who your parents were somehow
make you better than me. I don't care if they were white, upper class, het-
erosexual or any of the other social markers because that is what they called
unearned privilege. If you don't understand the term unearned privilege then
don't tell me you are a social justice advocate because I will call you a liar.

My sexuality is some assembly required

I forgot the name of the song as it played through my head.
the words were gone like a drunk father.

I found the rhythm in the tiny space between the floor and my bed.
and under the covers, under the clothes in my closet.

The tune plays again and again but I feel it is sorely missing
the lyrics, the words that give it meaning, context.

My body is a war zone full of landmines that will never know love.
My heart is a scar I wear to show the world it no longer has power over me.

I still remember the feeling so hot on my skin as I watched the skin change
color and smoke, such a stale smell, burning flesh. In those moments I knew I
was alive. Not in some matrix nightmare.

I am sorry Stephan, I could not learn to love. I could not learn to let this heart
beat in my chest. It was only blocking blood flow to my brain so I had to cut
it out. I failed you. I should have been the one to die. You had so much life
ahead of you.

There is still light outside. I am still here. I am still searching for those authen-
tic connects. That oppositional consciousness.

I want oppositional consciousness to hold me, let me cry and weep for the in-
justice of the world. I want it to hold me as I scream at those who have power
and won't let it go. I want it to keep me safe as I wail for those who look down
on me; who don't understand; who stigmatize instead of seeing the wonderful
person I am.

But this will never be a physical entity. It will be me, always alone. It will
only be me rocking myself to sleep in the darkness of my mind. Tonight and
forever the monsters will be my cuddle buddies. They will tell me nighttime
stories and tuck me. In the morning they will tell me they love me and how
luck they are to have me in their life. They will say I made some coffee, come
sit with me and tell me about what you are going to do today. They will say,
don't go, I love you so I'll eat you right up, i will. And then they do, they eat
me. the end.

small

that is my identity.

I am nothing else.
tiny. insignificant.

I will listen.
You will tell me lots.

I will think and learn.
Inside I become a wolf.
and I protect my pack.

I will relearn everything.
I put my roots deep into the ground.
I will grow tall reaching my needles to the sky.

I can see through the mountains.
I can see through your eyes.
I can see the never ending stretches of the sea.

I will be invisible, invincible.
small like a rock.
a stone,
butch.

but I am still invisible.
You can/do not see me.

Popsicle

There is a neck
and a sweet smell
of longing;
of desire.

I want to eat desire.
I want to put it in my mouth
like a Popsicle.

I want the sweet taste of sex on my lips
unclouded, pure.

I'm going to eat you.

Bites tongue.

Space in the silence.

Space in the
what is okay.

Space in the

I am a monster.

I want to have monster sex

space
I want to fuck like a monster

space in the
I don't want 'you' to tell me I'm not ok.

space in the
I fucking need to make out with someone.

space in the
Lets fucking be unhealthy together for a second
because its fucking hot and who the fuck cares

space in the

My cock is so fucking hard when I am around you it is throbbing and
it fucking hurts. I want to make you moan and beg and tell me in detail about
everything you want me to do to you. I want to drag it out for days and weeks.

space in the
I want to call you boy.

space in the
responsibility
space in the
But who the fuck are you?

to me right now?
in the

You are precious.
in the

I can't hurt you.
in the

I'm out of control.
in the

Tempo, rhyme, beat
in the space next to you.

A sweet fruit in front of me and I am so hungry.
in your eyes. in your heart.

So hungry.
space

Starving.
space

Famine.
space

I can't eat you up.
I can't
in the

You are fucking precious
in the
space

in the
I am so fucked right now.
space

in the
fuck. one more time FUCK!
space in
FUCK!

space
I fucking hate space.

I forgot...

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the words were gone like a drunk father.

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and under the covers, under the clothes in my closet.

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luck they are to have me in their life. They will say I made some coffee, come
sit with me and tell me about what you are going to do today. They will say,
don't go, I love you so I'll eat you right up, i will. And then they do, they eat
me. the end.

smooth, cherry, ice, like, lick, and slick.

smooth: skin touch raw vivid

cherry: lick suck tempt fuck

ice: play hard tease light

like: slick grinding rampant love

skin: yours mine touch deep yet empty in the raw void between vivid dreams

lick: here light there suck hard where it tempts the desire to fuck

play: with find place inside my skin inside my hard shell to tease my light

slick: wet movements griding parts rampant needs desires lacks love

touch: is raw pain is vivid and everything is clear

suck: me off tempt my cock to want to fuck

hard: cocks tease throbbing rubbing pounding turning off the light

grinding: rampant love into the night

raw: is a vivid hangover

tempt:but I still want to fuck

tease: I've been called not so light-ly. I just want a little bite you see

rampant: homosexual love

vivid: I am verbalization of the possibilities yet spoken

fuck: why is the world so complicated, why can't we just fuck

light: has been turned on. I am no longer in the dark.

So tempted I should not be.

love: ...

Who cut down the Bodhi Tree?

Whatever it was that I don't remember. it must have been something. that haunts me into the morning hours through the never ending night.

I am so weak. Why am I so weak that I am such easy prey to snatch up and kill. The more I fight the more your desire to own me and make me submit to your glorious almighty power.

I am so strong. Can't you see the lines around my eyes from years of trying to laugh away the pain. The scars and permanent deformities left from all the attempts to beat me into submission. And I still stand here, refusing your violence as your sly smirk; as you again refuse to acknowledge me as a human equal and of the same material as you.

I am loud. So loud I have no voice. only audible to our sonic eared friends who are ready to stand with me through a revolution.

I will give my life for you so I don't have to live mine. So I can escape for the constant degradation and humiliation I endure. But I can not raise my voice against my aggressors because I have nothing to bargain with. I have nothing.

I am nothing.

I am an ant who wants to be the oceans. My ocean is across a fire ant colony.

My love is an amulet called my heart. I keep losing it or breaking it. Its been crushed a few times. I keep trying to fix it but it is looking a little worse for the wear or should I say wearer.

The world is like an oyster .that ate me up and is now digesting me in its saliva.

I am the kanji of a haiku. and no I won't explain to you what this means.

My mother aborted me and my father got too drunk so I drown in the river. But seriously folks thanks for coming out tonight.

In your moment, you might think that you might know where I have come from but I can still feel the over-sized belt buckle cold on my skin and see the carefully placed cowboy hat as i am told how much I like it. I could care less what your snap judgments of me are. especially the ones you make based on what you think you see with your eye. you have never worn my shoes and you never will. If I had a penny for every time I was called a name in hate I would be a billionaire. You?

I am my flesh. my heart. my spirit. I am fire. I am Shiva and Vishnu and Kali. Ganesha leads my way. I am the Pheonix. self-actualization. revolution. catalyst. a monster. With big teeth and yellow eyes, I'll eat you right up I will. Or we can build forts and both be king. and howl at the moon under the banyan tree. I am the first flower and the first seed.

I must be in hell piles of dead ladybugs and the maggots keep falling on my head. The land is barren the humans have poisoned it writing useless poetry on their computers while dying a slow painful death as we all turn into demoned demeaned monsters eating each other to survive. pollution mutilated. And you will say, who did this. The birds and the fish when they leave they will point at us, the ones who cut down the Bodhi tree.

crystals

you are warm like positive thoughts and not believing everything you read. I am humble and fear of rejection hesitating to an out stretched arm... but moreover I don't want to study of regret and missed chances. I am a pebble to be kicked out of the way or placed upon a shrine. I am a dirt cover grey rock hiding glimmering crystals.

Puzzle

You and Me

are the intersection where self street, self street and self street meet.

Tommorrow

is the wedding of forever and yesterday

their love child in the sunrise and sunset; moonrise and moonset; and stars
that shoot and wishes from true hearts.

Lost in the space between you and me; me and you.

The constellation arise to tell us about the future that was yesterday.

It is all everything.

And today I make choices to walk away from people I love because they are
toxic.

I choose love.

I choose my friends, they are and always will be my friends.

You might wager on a five but I wagered on a ten.

Not a moment did I doubt.

Conversations are simple and speak volumes about the world.

My body is a million puzzle pieces?

My identity is a choose your own adventure.

My sexuality is some assembly required.

My life is a fiction novel loosely based on reality.

You and me are an intersection.

crossing, merging, separating.

you are the sun; I am the horizon.

if you are the moon; I am the stars.

We:

we are a crossroad.

we are a sunset.

we are a constellation.

Who am I?

Who?

rejection

Who?

damaged

Who?

shamed

Who?

invalidated

Who?

weakness

Who?

helpless

Who?

dismantled

Who?

invisible

Who is my body?

Who is my prison?

Who is my blood?

Who is my closet?

Who is my street?

dismantling,

interrupting,

validating,

compassionate.

You are my lost self.

You are my honesty.

You are my cupcake.

You are my rediscovery.

You are my safe space.

You are my honor.

They,

they are

impersonal,

absent,

angry,

confused,

moral,

disloyal.

They are crazy.

I am a voice, approved.

I am art.

Perfect World

In our houses we dwell,
 earth friendly
Our friends
 everyone we see
we dance
 in the eve
Plates full
 of community
Food- healthy
 fresh fruit, vegetables, whole grains and beans
From soil
 worked by hands
Under the sun
 with all our love
Down by the stream
 we make beats
as we grow the rice
 and harvest the wheat
the children sleep
 under a shady tree
Animals
 roaming free
Clouds, air, water
 no more toxicity
We have higher values now
 listened to the wisdom of the fairies
You and me
 and our boat by the sea
Sailed away to another place
 to be free for you to be you and me to be me
Radical Honesty

free form neuroticity
 high from all the beauty
And we kiss under the
milkyway
Yes all the stars we can see
they have become guides
they have become legacy
they tell us our future
 as well as our history
we use them to chart
our trajectory
backwards epiphany
lacklust struggles
enjoying the breeze

My lover

My lover is my bike
I ride hir long and hard and often
When I sit on hir, our cocks rub together as we
take bumps and glide around corners
we go everywhere together
going like there is no tomorrow
because there might not be

As we mesh together
becoming one
as the muscle
steel
rubber
and grease
strain together

The street becomes out bed
and our destination
our organs

Except on the days we ride with no place to go
those days we push each other to see what we've got
how far we can go
and then when we are spent
exhausted
muscles
steel
rubber
wanting more
we lay at rest
Awaiting the next ride.



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